

SKETCH

OF

LOUDON PARK CEMETERY:

ITS

DEDICATION,

AND

Address of the Hon. Charles F. Mayer,

DELIVERED ON THAT OCCASION.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED AT "THE PRINTING OFFICE,"
SUN IRON BUILDING.
1853.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT.

BENJAMIN C. BARROLL.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

BENJAMIN C. BARROLL,	JOHN Q. GINNODO,
GEORGE R. CINNAMOND,	JOHN McDOWELL, JR.
JAMES S. PRIMROSE,	GEORGE ROSS VEAZEY.

SECRETARY.

JAMES S. PRIMROSE.

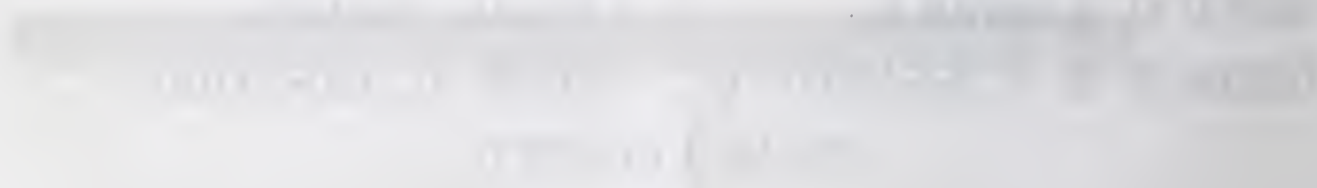
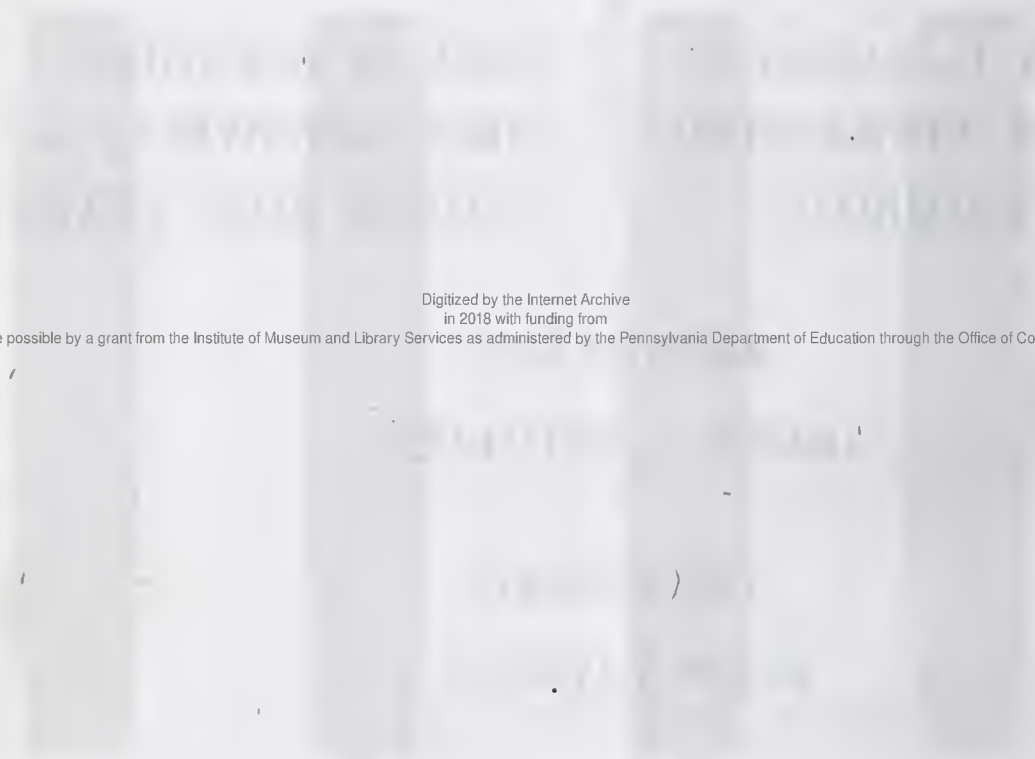
TREASURER.

ELIAS LIVEZEY.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

BENJ. C. BARROLL,	ISAAC CORIEL,
GEORGE R. CINNAMOND,	JOHN Q. GINNODO,
ELIAS LIVEZEY.	

LIBRARY OF THE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

SKETCH

OF

LOUDON PARK CEMETERY.

This Cemetery is so called from the name of Loudon, by which the grounds were known before they passed into the hands of the present owners, and from the fine park of forest trees which adorns the landscape at the entrance, and contributes so much to its beauty. It comprises one hundred acres of land, fronting on the Frederick Turnpike, just sufficiently removed from the western limits of the city to be perfectly secure from future encroachments for any purpose other than the sacred one to which it has been consecrated.

The parties who originated this enterprise were ambitious to become the founders of a cemetery, which might in time become celebrated as a magnificent work, and be a pride and ornament to this great and growing city. To this end, search was made among the numerous country seats in the vicinity of Baltimore, for grounds suitable in location and natural advantages—and selection was made of those just mentioned, and now in progress of improvement. Without exaggeration, they may be said to be as beautiful as the hand of nature could make them. All the elements which a refined taste loves to find around the spot which encloses the remains of departed friendship, here abound. A spirit of romantic beauty pervades the whole landscape—hill, vale, and upland—and in many places deepens into a solemnity which admirably fits it for the last resting place of the dead. Visitors are invariably struck with admiration and pleasure, and impressed with the peculiar adaptation of the grounds to the purposes of sepulture.

Having secured the grounds, the company was incorporated, by the execution of an act of incorporation, dated on the 27th January, 1853, under the provisions of a general law of Maryland, passed at January Session, 1852, ch. 221. After the incorporation, the managers projected, at once, judicious plans of improvement, with a view of placing the company in a position to secure for the Cemetery the confidence of the public. Provision was made for the enclosure of the front on the turnpike, with a substantial stone wall, surmounted by iron railing—and the other sides with a strong

picket fence ; also, for an imposing ornamental entrance on the turnpike, and for laying out and grading ample avenues and carriage ways through the whole extent of the grounds. These works have steadily progressed, and are nearly completed, sufficiently so to convey to the visitor an adequate idea of what the scene will be, when the finishing stroke of the workmen shall have fully realized the design of the architect.

The managers next made provision for payment in full of the purchase money of the grounds ; and on the 30th day of June, 1853, a deed in fee, conveying the same to Loudon Park Cemetery Company, clear of all incumbrance, and with a title pronounced by counsel to be one of the oldest and best in the State, was deposited for record among the land records of Baltimore County.

After the completion of these arrangements, the managers, in conformity with custom, and in view of the character of the enterprise they had undertaken, appointed the 14th day of July, 1853, as the time when, by appropriate religious exercises, to dedicate the grounds, and to invoke the blessing of Almighty God on the solemn work—at which time, due public notice having been extensively given, a large assemblage of the citizens of Baltimore and its vicinity were gathered on the grounds. About 4 o'clock, P. M., the ceremonies of dedication took place. During the exercises, the following hymn was sung, composed by the Rev. J. N. McJilton, expressly for the occasion :

1. Lord of the living and the dead!
Accept our prayer of grateful praise,
Which now from this embowering shade
Up to thy glorious throne we raise.
2. This mount of beauty and the grove,
With flowering shrub and stately tree,
An offering pure of fervent love,
We humbly dedicate to Thee.
3. Be Thine the vale and verdant slope,
In emerald robes now richly drest ;
Be thine the throng that here in hope
Of everlasting joys may rest.
4. What anxious crowds, whose weary feet
These flowery aisles shall oft have trod,
Shall in them find a safe retreat,
Beneath the all-entombing sod !

5. O, when the resurrection's light
Its lustre round the tomb shall shed—
When the archangel comes in might
To summon from the dust the dead—
6. May the lone sleepers of this shade
In beauty from their beds arise,
With robes of righteousness arrayed,
To live for ever in the skies.

The following impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. L. Van Bokkelen,
(prepared also expressly for the occasion.)

PRAYER,

BY THE REV. L. VAN BOKKELEN.

OH GOD! the King Eternal and Invisible! Maker of all things; Judge of all men; by whose Will we were created, by whose Providence we are sustained, and by whose Mercy we hope to be redeemed: we revere Thy Majesty, we adore Thy Love! Thou art KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords, who only hath Immortality. Dwelling in light which no man can approach, yet humblest Thyself to hear our cry, to attend unto our prayer. We are Thy servants; vile earth and miserable sinners, who, by manifold transgressions, have provoked Thy wrath and indignation against us: yet Thou art a merciful God, full of Compassion, long Suffering and great Pity: Thou sparest when we deserve punishment, and in Thy wrath thinkest upon mercy. We are not worthy of the least of Thy mercies; but in infinite goodness Thou dost permit us to approach unto Thee, and hast promised to be nigh unto all them that call upon Thee—all that call upon Thee in truth. Teach us to remember Thy Power, that we may reverence Thy Love; to contemplate Thy Majesty, that we may confess Thy Forbearance. We are frail mortals; the Grave is our house. We may say unto corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and sister: "But Thou art the Lord from one generation to another; a thousand years, in Thy sight, are but as yesterday: Thou turnest man to destruction and sayest—Return, ye children of men."

Oh, merciful God! full of Compassion, long Suffering, and abounding in Tenderness; although we have no claim to Thy favor, we would remember that "Thou hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent; Thou wouldest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his sin and be saved." We, therefore, approach Thee, pleading the merits of thine only Beloved Son, Jesus Christ; confessing and lamenting our iniquities, and asking pardon through the bitter passion and precious death of Him who gave Himself for sinners: the Just for the Unjust, to bring us unto God. Oh, Lord! who art of such Purity that Thou canst not look upon Sin, we confess that we have offended against Thy Holy Laws. We have sinned and done wickedly; we have

left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done: spare us, good Lord; spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood, and be not angry with us forever.

While confessing our sins and imploring Thy pardoning Grace, we desire to praise Thee, oh! Almighty and Everlasting God! as the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift. We render unto Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. Thou daily openest Thy Hand and fillest all things with abundance; Thy watchful Providence has sustained us from the beginning of our lives to this day; Thou hast preserved us in danger—comforted us in sorrow—cheered us in adversity—healed us in sickness—raised us up and restored us to health when we were almost entering the dark valley of the shadow of Death. For these and all Thy mercies, we bless and magnify Thy Holy Name, and humbly beseech Thee to accept this our sincere tribute of praise and thanksgiving: but chiefly do we praise Thee for the gift of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in Him for all our means of grace and hope of glory. While we were yet without strength, in due time He died for the ungodly. He has robbed death of all terror by giving us the assurance of Everlasting Existence; by bringing Life and Immortality to light, he has scattered the clouds which enveloped the sepulchre with gloom; and by sleeping in the new-made tomb in the garden, has taught us not to dread the repose of the grave. For this consolation—this victory over our last great enemy—we praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, Oh! Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

May the impressive and interesting occasion upon which we are assembled excite in our hearts most serious emotions, and raise our minds from the thoughts of this world to the consideration of the next. We are about to set apart, with sacred and appropriate services, this field “as a burying place;” to dedicate it with religious rites to the repose of the mortal remains of those who have yielded up their spirits to the God who gave them. Here, in this majestic temple of nature, generation after generation will be gathered unto their fathers; here, over the decaying fleshly tenement shall be pronounced the solemn words which declare that things temporal have given place to things eternal: earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust. Here, in sacred stillness, after the toil and strife of life are over, shall thy children lie down to rest. Here, many shall sleep, who once engaged in busy work, fulfilling Thy ordinance, Oh Lord God, that by the sweat of his brow man shall earn his bread. May the scene around us awaken in each heart deep and reverential emotions. The voice of joy and gladness, so often heard in this beautiful place of Thy creation, shall yield to the sobs and sighs of mourners.

The emblems of life shall give place to those of death. Beneath these outspreading oaks shall rise the stately mausoleum and the humble monument, each the tribute of love to the memory of the lost. May this impress upon our hearts a sense of the mutability of sublunary things; how, like the morning cloud and early dew, they pass away and are no more seen. Though far removed from the noise of commerce, the hurried step of business, and the discordant sound of contending factions, yet we may look from this home of death upon the scenes of active life. May this teach us that life and death mingle and flow in one unceasing current—"That in the midst of life, we are in death; that there is a time appointed unto men once to die; that sin entered into the world, and death by sin—and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned." Influenced by these solemn thoughts, may our spirits ascend to Thee, Oh God, who hearest prayer, and to whom all flesh shall come; and while we make ready the silent resting place for our mortal frames, may we not be afraid, but rejoice with holy Job, saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;"—or, may we find comfort through faith in what He has said, who will at last cause the earth and the sea to give up their dead, and clothe with glorified bodies those who will sleep in this sanctuary of the departed. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Regard with favor, Oh most merciful Father, this work. Vouchsafe Thy presence, and bless this effort to provide for thy servants, after they have finished their pilgrimage through the vale of tears, a resting place in which their bodies may await the archangel's summons to judgment. Thou hast taught us to reverence the body as the tabernacle of the spirit—though formed out of the dust, thou honored the mortal part by breathing into it the breath of life, and added dignity to humanity by sending Thy own Son into the world, in likeness of our flesh—Who lived, died, and was buried—even as we. We feel, therefore, that we may invoke thy blessing upon this undertaking. "Have respect unto the prayer of thy servants, Oh Lord God, and to their supplication. Hearken unto the cry, and to the prayer, which we pray before thee this day."

Here, as time rolls on, many a sad procession will carry to the tomb all that remains of those once dearly loved; and in the anguish of bereavement, many will mourn. To such, Oh Lord, to the parent and the child, to the widow and fatherless, extend the consolations of thy Holy Spirit. Hear their cries, assuage their tears, comfort their distress. With humble submission to thy dispensations, and with full assurance thou doest all things

right, may they be able to discern light beyond the cloud of sorrow, and to say: Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy seat. As they gaze for the last time, upon the lifeless form, may they have faith to believe that though the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, there is a building of God, an house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens; and as they leave this sacred place, may they be comforted by the blessed truth which the Gospel has revealed, that the separation will not be forever—that, ere long, the broken links will be re-united in a world where there shall be no more pain nor sorrow; where, without fear of parting, they will join in that worship which will employ the hearts and tongues of saints made perfect, ascribing honor and glory to Him who has conquered death, and will raise us to eternal life.

Upon all who may come hither, whether to visit the tomb of a friend, to select their own narrow resting place, or else to muse amid the emblems of the frailty of life—to all these impart a conviction of the vanity and insecurity of temporal things. As thy servants meditate among the tombs, may they remember the uncertainty of how long they have to live; that soon they must go to the Father of Spirits, and give an account of all things done in the body. May this thought be present with all of us on each returning day, making us to enter upon our duties reflecting on the end for which we were born, and to lie down to rest each night examining whether we are so passing our time on earth as we shall wish we had done when we are about to die, and to appear before thy tribunal. As day after day swiftly passes by, may we mark the rapid flight of time, and remember that each day draws us nearer to the final hour. Let thoughts like these lead our hearts to thee, our Lord; and grant that we may so serve thee in our generation, that we may at last be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience—in the confidence of a certain faith—in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with thee, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. May the rich man, when he enters this sacred enclosure, be convinced of the vanity of all earthly objects of desire, and persuaded to lay up treasures in Heaven. May the poor man not despise his poverty, knowing that in the tomb all men are equal, and through it they pass to a tribunal where all will be judged according to the state of the heart. Here, the rich and poor, the mighty and the weak, will meet together and mingle into dust. May this suppress all rising emotions of ambition, and teach us, that as we brought nothing into this world, we can carry nothing out; not to be careful about the body—what we shall eat, or wherewithal we shall be clothed, but rather to seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, that eternal blessings may descend upon us.

And now, Oh Lord, we solemnly dedicate this ground to the sacred purposes of Christian burial, separating it from all profane and unhallowed uses. Here may thy children rest in peace, until the trump of the archangel shall rouse them from the slumber of the tomb, for we believe, Oh blessed Jesus, that from Thy throne, at God's right hand, where Thou now sittest, Thou wilt come again to judge the world, attended by Thy holy angels. We believe, Oh adorable Judge, that all mankind shall be summoned before Thy awful tribunal; that when the last trumpet shall sound, all the dead shall be awakened out of their graves, and appear before Thee; that we, and all the world shall give a strict account of our thoughts, words and actions; that the books shall be opened, and out of those dreadful registers we shall be judged. Oh! let that last trump be ever sounding in our ears, that we may be ready for the great and terrible day. Let the services in which we are engaged remind all present of the one event which awaits them. May this City of the Dead preach to all who pass by, or come beneath its solemn shade, counselling that here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come; that we should desire another and better country, that is an heavenly; that leaving the transitory concerns of this life, we should press forward to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly and Church of the first born, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; so that when we awake from death, we may arise to glory. All which we ask through thy merits and intercession, Oh adorable Jesus, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, we ascribe, as most justly due, all might, majesty, dominion and power, henceforth and for ever.

—AMEN.

The Hon. C. F. Mayer having consented to serve as the orator of the occasion, in the course of the exercises arose and delivered the following address, a copy of which, by order of the Board of Managers, was requested, and obtained for publication.

ADDRESS,

BY HON. CHARLES F. MAYER.

We meet to think of the dead. We throng to this sphere of death, beyond the field of life's battle—its encounters of interest, its contests of selfishness. We would make this soil a sanctuary, and give to the endeared dust of humanity its own tranquil domain. Here, when day has beamed out its silent radiance, and night enfolds the scene, the stars may shine through a reign of peace: the night-winds, mingling with the breath of flowers and the mantling shadows of the grove, will career in solemn freedom, and sink into voices from the cold chambers beneath.

The heart is in its holy temple of nature. Here let meditation take her throne, and memory assert her empire and raise her altars.

Honors—tender honors—to the sleep of the dead! Their unconscious mould may not wake to the tribute that love spreads over their repose. The frame that has passed its weary servitude to the spirit, lies not the calmer for the sorrow that drops her tear, and, as if the dead could live in that life, nurtures the life of grass and shrub and flower engrafted on the chill enginery below. The void and silent skull cannot call back its monarch mind, now that the recording marble would renew the living rule of that spirit. But is our devotion, therefore, but darkly, idly, visionary? May we not consecrate this the land of the spirit, as that spirit may descend to affection's prayer? In the calm of the soul, may we not here vindicate death's deep peace, and charm to an abiding ministry the true genius of the place? Why not hang death with wreaths, and her paths be luxuriant verdure, and her avenues the glory of flowers? When our hearts stop at the graves of our dead, and avert the world's heedless echoes, why should not our memories have their solemn festival where nature fills the soul, and where from all emblems around pour the wealth and the voice of the heart!

I have spoken of the genius of the place—encompassing the assembly of the dead, to which this soil is to be the holy platform. In this I mean more than decorative metaphor, casting its passing grace and color on this serious territory. I would impress on you, that, devoted to the *collective*

home of the dead, here, amid their grouping frames, broods and dwells the spirit that wins to meditation, and makes the wide-spread couch of the dead discursive to our hearts. In such a dominion she sits, interpreter of death, presiding in melancholy state at her own peculiar congress of those who, not of the earth, yet make it in contemplative sway their own. Only over subjects thus clustering in one—their own—region—can that sceptre of meditative influence wave with full authority.

These gardens of the dead are peculiarly of Christian establishment. The term cemetery, the naturalized phrase of Christendom, means a place of sleep. The ancients signalized by but individual ceremonial and monumental honor the remains of the dead. The display of their grief or of their respect courted the gaze of crowds, and they chose for the registries of their sentiment the thoroughfares of life in the environs of cities—dedicating no ground for social burial or monumental uses, but rearing isolated memorials aloof from all kindred structures. And even at this day, at the road side through her blighted surrounding waste—her Campagna—gleam the ruined monuments of Rome's noble dead, studding her sad avenues, and an added epitaph to her dead majesty—mocking the vanished strength of the lofty empire. These solitudes, where wealth and valor and mind had once their exulting hours in sumptuous villas, and in glittering palaces voluptuously superb, and where power towered in florid pride, are now but the baleful common, brooded over by deadly miasma—and truly indeed are death's battening domain. The whole region is funereal—a monument and a memorial. But in that large sepulchral base no such thoughts spring, nor suggestive messages from the spirit world, as rule the air of the sacred grounds with which we would number this lovely area. Those diffused and scattered dedications to the departed, unallied by any common soil, give no centre for reflection and make no sanctuary for contemplation. Is not such the votive, ennobling, use of such a home as we would now, beyond the chances of profane encroachment from speculating thrift, inviolably and lastingly consecrate for the rest of the dead? It is no mere respectable *decorum* we enact, when to the mouldering body we give the refuge of this calm recess, an unbroken and secure retirement. No observance of such superficial grace do we offer to the wasting vestment of our cherished dead. Mark the abounding genius of the scene—within its courts what whispers come from the grave—what pictures in memory's richest effusion are bodied forth? In the mellowing light and gathering shadows that shed their balm at the close of day—under the dome of sky spread in tranquil grandeur—when the shades dye the thoughts with their hues, and the flowers sigh their fragrance from the graves that they bless with their beauty—who, under such heaven-dropping influences, can but dwell on what he is, and on what, from the book

of doom, he waits for ? Around him, subdued to death's chill durance, sleeps ambition of every scope and aim—alike with the poverty that rests from life's fervor and sorrow—the heart of the communicant at such a shrine of thought thrills to the searching challenge that questions and quenches the fever of the selfish career. Do not the dead speak, and is not each grave a ministering altar for memory's groans or her symphonies ? The air is full of messages, and all around discourses to the heart, attuned for worlds in the blest depths of eternal peace—All here rest from toil or from persecution. Here, by the irreversible test, all of earth finds itself resolved into its true worth, to signify what, unattained, alone claims our aspiration. All sordid eagerness and exaction—the idolatry of interest—the marble heart where the plaint of the poor entered not—all, side by side, are in their cold sleep. The foiled champions of life's arduous strife—victims, and mourners over defeated merit—those whose hearts have broken in contest with untoward currents—those who have fallen under injustice and contumely—all in obdurate bonds here sleep alike. The grave—to the oppressor his prison, to the weary poor their couch of freedom and quiet. One mercy, one sky of clouds or of glory, covers all. Here is inexorable equality. How perfect and rigorous a Republic is Death's impartial realm ! Here, for thought and genial recurrence, are themes garnered up, and bones and dust are materials for a renovating moral ; and in auspicious resurrection the departed live to speak to us of time and its fleeting semblances ; of destiny and its majesty, whether in its happy glories or its infinite gloom !

But here the dead must have an unobtruded domain—a reigning calm—where no sounds invade, laden with purposes of worldly engrossment, and reverberated from hard and unpitying paths of interest. Such are cemeteries as this which seek the secluded grove—where night drops her sacred veil, and where in melody of birds breaks the dawn, as the sweet music of spirits whose tuneful hours belong to Heaven's choir—visiting the earth in the sympathy of loves that once to them made earth lovely. Amid the dewy odors of a still morning among the graves of such a spot, do we not feel that the spirits we have cherished are filling our souls, and with caressing care opening our hearts to the hopes and the light of Heaven ? Who would not wish, in the hour of his sure doom, to die in the midst of such sweet visitings, such angel invocations ? Who, in such a scene of consecrated, heavenward-wafting calm, would not choose here the final sojourn of his wearied frame ? Rest, peace, meditation—here are the sovereign endowments of the scene. Here we test, practically, the idea of death as extinction. Who, in the survey of even the poor tissues of mortal fragment recumbent under the sward of such a dedicated soil, can *conceive* that dire, irretrievable, extreme of utter suppression ? In this impracticable ideal, God's own majesty intimates to man

his immortality, his spirit nature. By such prompting inspired, well may we avow that—

“Blessed are they who see, and yet believe not !
 Yes, blest are they who look on graves, and still
 Believe none dead ; who see proud tyrants ruling,
 And yet believe not in the strength of evil.
 Blessed are they who see the wandering poor,
 And yet believe not that their God forsakes them ;
 Who see the blind worm creeping, and yet believe not
 That even that is left without a path.”

If philosophy so august, divine—and deductions thus benignant—grow and bloom in such a soil as this, is not the ground holy ? Is it a range of mere convenience, or are the precincts sacred to Heaven’s own communion ?

If, in our action’s final aim, and in all this breathing space, we are to transcend the prison bounds of sense and our narrow self, and dilate to the majestic expanse of allegiance to a God, and of a home eternal, must we not follow the dead to their encampment, make tombs our shrines, and there, rising to the height of our destiny, learn praise in the whispers of the sepulchre, and offer the incense of implicit humility among the altars of the spot ? We say not too much for the present appropriation, when we claim that this fond care of the dead, which makes their memories the embalming drapery of their remains, is appendant to Christianity and embodied in religion itself. The Cemetery is that devout culture.

How fertile is this theme of Death ! What lessons lie in its shadows ! Marking the frontier of our probation, as we pass that bound, and Time’s gate swings open to the resistless onward pace of our doom, how vast is death’s office—how wide his instrumentality ! Guardian of the veil of eternity, whose folds depend from the throne of the Supreme, at death’s signal-touch a Universe unfolds its infinite array beyond this narrow ledge of life ! Such is our celestial tuition ; the scene that yields it is the temple of our inspiration, into which beams all this perspective of eternity. The ideals, the pictures of our souls, that such influences grant, are, in truth, inspiration—the teeming emanation of the ever rife communion between God and man.

Do we owe, then, nothing to the field of this all-unfolding death, to the dead of our care, beyond the funereal pomp and stated solemnities of closing their graves upon them ; then to leave them to cold and heedless and dumb oblivion, for neglect to seal their banishment as the lumber of humanity, and for tangling weeds to mantle the sleep of the tomb ? Does our contemplation stop at the outposts of life, where death walks his dire inveterate rounds in solemn peremptoriness ; or do we gaze into the depths of the immeasurable recess of our extreme and endless destiny ? We rebuke the indifference of a people to preservation of their national relics—tokens to impress

national merit or to keep vivid historic lustre. Who that knows the neglect, does not kindle at the slight from our own State to the memorials and signets that time had left to us of our colonists, pilgrims of the heroic quest of freedom, in the wild fields of this new world. There has been effaced every mark that the historic region of Maryland bore of that pure adventure of men with zeal so earnest, yet so chastened. Even the graves of those, at once votaries and dispensers of noble liberty, form not the premises of just pride and stately recurrence, but are given to the homely uses of the soil, and are cut, undistinguished, by the furrows of the corn-field. If this coarse neglect revolts us—if all memorials are repudiated of Maryland's illustrious chapters of her origin, and no pride elates us for the dignity of that enterprise which vivified our State to its now confirmed stature and strength; and if of this we feel the dishonor, what less should be our appalled feeling at abandonment to time's waste, and to the pitiless elements, of the graves of those who once lived and reigned in our hearts, and who, seen in the pauses of life's absorbing action, cannot grow dim to our love. Can we part from them at the edge of the grave, and there dismiss them as degraded mould or mere chymical element, when the earth cast on their coffin sends up the echo of dreary assurance that the seal of the dark barrier is on the sad repository? We are ever with those we love, though death's shadows intervene. *Shall we not meet them at their graves?* May not affection adorn and keep fresh with the heart's honors the tombs of their repose, and, amid such recruiting offerings, hold converse at their spirit-shrines?

Such religious service, such Christian office, belongs to these cemeteries—folds of our beloved dead. If deeds and natures deserve to be remembered, or for ends monitory or exemplary should be recurred to, thus, in memory's embodiments, let them live in conservatories like these.

But in due appreciation of the actual design in which we are now here mingling, let us reflect how momentous to the view of this solemn solicitude, it is, that the dead should have a *permanent freehold*—precincts fortified against the world's enterprise, that would invade their home, and would treat their bones as encumbrances upon the rights of property and on the spirit of improvement! Here, beyond the walks of clamorous business, is that wall of defence. Here, in silence enamored of the sweet, rural air, unstained by vapors of the city's ferment, the diffused ether of our hearts, and where nature purely, freely, breathes, here let us have the garden and grove of the sepulchre. What edification may not strew these contemplative paths, springing up around the enthroned grace of the cemetery! With prompt affinity to even our distorted natures, come kindly thought and pious calm: how genial the virtuous accession, when we stay the drift of life's zeal and interests! Reflection steals into the interval, and our primitive nature reigns

at least its hour's ascendant. Shall not, then, the taste be engaged to win the stroller's steps to haunts like these? Reason, imagination, and then taste of their twofold moulding, are all of the organism and appliances of nature; and thus genius and art, in all their embellished consummations, are but nature's self in grace developed. What, then, if this be a sanctuary of memory, in all the luxuriance of emblematic beauty? What if it reflects the glories of symbolic celebration; and if imagination, in celestial ministry, through charms of form and of sentiment, and of all its sweet investment, shall enhance the bliss of our recurrences and nurture our converse with the departed?

Is not all nature's sphere but the realm of emblems and types, and aught but a divinely figurative array, elating us above physical dullness, and to signify to us a destiny mystic, but assured, and mysterious only because infinite in happiness and augustness? The surly philosophy of mere *utility* and literal sufficiency is an animal and sensuous creed, debasing man to rank as but a physical phenomenon, and scouting our spiritual nobility which makes us only "below the angels." Why not make humanity simply a physiological tissue dropping from its service in its fated toil only to swell the piles of impassible matter? In a far different revelation does nature's divine majesty unfold itself; and the voice of that message is in our sense and our love of beauty, be it visual or vocal. The charm that thrills to the mind and the heart, from all the forms and movements of grace and the bright enchantment of colors and the tones of melody—all denotes an existence of emblematic import, and makes nature's loveliness itself the interpreter of our ultimate being. This is, indeed, a world of mysterious significancy—of types of holy omen! What do we know of nature beyond its embellished surface? What of matter beneath its external display—for who shall penetrate its essential interior? Why grow the flowers of the earth—the weary field to so many wayfarers—whose ideal no language can beautify, in themselves the imagery of extremest beauty? Why have we all the genial luxuriance of the grove, diverse in hue and form and leaf? Why, as if her loveliness had life, have we the sweet breath of nature from all her exuberance? Why is all this, if rigid, animal, utility, the cause of mere sustenance and endurance, were by this nature, thus so gloriously ornate, alone to be subserved, if men were not by this to be enlightened to the sense of their sublime allegiance—to the inspiration of a pervading God? Thus does our Saviour crown the mission of even the gentle flowers, ever culling, as he did, the beauties of nature for the service of his message from Heaven. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Why, if strict utility, the purposes of mere existence, were the limiting standard for our action and provision, and to but breathe out an extreme, continuous, period, were all the consummation to achieve—why has God so dignified and illumined our probation, as to hang out, but as the lamps to his imperial temple of the universe, the majestic worlds of the firmament spread for our view, with all its brilliant glories, to light the portico of His throne's sanctuary? Why, but as a scripture of light, have we this dome of stars, which reason, Heaven's own agency, defines in their vast magnitude of worlds, lessening this spreading earth to but a twinkling particle in the wilderness of thronging stars? All this is the picture of omnipotence, and Divinity arrays it. Truly does the firmament declare the glory of God—that it is purposely there, and by God himself declared; and yet, how vainly were all this spread, if it were but to feast the fancy, and for a moment's relaxation to dilate the soul—a sublime but airy pageant to make the heavens theatrical—to treat the sense of the toilers here below. All this grandeur of nature in sky and earth glows, blooms and breathes, instructs and speaks, at God's dictate, to light the features of His will, and that here His power and His love we may read *in His own language* in letters of His throne's reflected majesty. Let the world be adorned with the tasteful and the imaginative. It is but the use of material of divine emanation, and allotted for refined and multiform improvement. Banish those degrading utilitarian views, escape from the dismal prison of this rectangular economy of life, and in the broad liberty of all the endearments of nature, and of all that taste, in fancy's laboratory, may mould for ideals suggestive and ennobling, enrich our hearts by just contemplations of death, and, in love with the bliss of purity here, aspire to make that bliss glorious beyond the tomb.

I have thus endeavored to trace to its sacred element, and depict as imperative, the principle that should win to our hearts these cemetery domains, as appendages and adornments of Christendom. The celebration of this occasion, we may then proclaim, is not an indifferent observance to rally an hour's gaze or thought, but is a solemnity of deep import and of religious kindred. Here, honoring the beloved dead, with calmest eye we shall scan the lineaments of death, and confront his awe, unchilled by the shadows that robe him. Let this new dedicated field for mortality's last repose be by you cherished, and in zeal and duteous and tributary taste, be made that last silent home for humanity's ruined tabernacle. Here, let the broken vase be to memory redolent of the vanished spirit. Here let the urn of the hallowed dust be blessed. To scenes like these, other reflections are apposite, among the thoughts that, as in their dearest haunt, here must congregate. I have thought that much, emphatically, of misery and delinquency is due to erroneous and appalling views of death rather than to the whelming

fascinations of life. Death, be it infliction or relief, comes from the hand of a God of Love, and is but that hand's shadow falling on poor humanity. Death's mission is from the court of that Father who, in vessels of mercy and wisdom, measures to us the joys and endurances of this contrariant world. By his ordinance this envoy moves, that ordinance not disproportionate to our capacity for the encounter, suited to our nature, as must be all he wills, and, therefore, decreeing a transition most necessary and auspicious. In the philosophy of Heaven's will, then, death comes a welcome change—a balmy visitation. The prosperous man should gladly leave these borders of a sphere which his soul's yearnings should transcend—the man of reverses and baffled endeavor, with whom all hope is mockery and every plan is resolved into bitterness, should, and he does, look to the tomb, with his affliction's credential, to claim there a repose for his harassed nature. The aged man should lie down to the doom of that night of death, as he would in mellowed twilight welcome angels—or as, after the heat and burden of a fretted day, fondly courting his pillow, the genial mantle of night takes his spirit in its folds. Such, in legitimate action, and in the gracious course of change, should, swayed by our experience, be to us death's presentment and apparition in life's horizon. Familiar with the vista converging to the terminating grave, averted by nothing terrific nor angry, the view would quicken and confirm duty, and the prospect of the far home of joy would best maintain, against all allurement, a brave, unfaltering, rectitude. But what, *in our imagery of death*, is the reaction of the chilling horror of the aspect? We fear to look out from our small fastness of life upon the dark sea roaring in vengeful waves toward the uncertain coast whose lines, lost in night, no welcoming dawn defines—thick darkness borrowing but fitful gleams of light from the cresting foam, or from the haggard phantom bark that, with skeleton helmsman and echoing shrieks, drives over the dismal deep. Death rules a dreary wilderness around our encampment, and in its melancholy compass lurk privation and torture, and scourges and venom. As into a fort of security, against the assailing or approaching foe, men recoil from the savage waste around this life's bounds, and shrink into their enclosures of interest and selfishness, and there they batten upon their heartless advantages: their natures live upon their heart's bad secretions. Living without the healthful airs that can come only from Heaven, their hearts turn to stone, and make their own tombs, while yet their minds serve as slaves to their ignoble selfishness. No view of Heaven is caught—gloom reigns around—the dreary phantasy darkens the environs of life—and without firmness or intentness to scan, even the bright shores of Heaven beam not from beyond the desolate gloom. Such is the ideal, and the blight, and the tyranny, of terror. In ancient Greece, where poetry painted the love

which our religion consecrates—although some theology may veil it, if not sour or deform it—death was personified an ingenuous, kindly youth, of angelic mien. Rome gave the minister of extinction a fiercer quality of visage and of armament; but our incarnate, or rather unfleshed, horror is our *own* frame-work of the fourteenth century; although, in freaks of dreary fancy, artists of antiquity associated with death, death's last presentation—the skeleton—at times, though rarely. “The King of Terror” reigns peculiarly too in our rhetoric, and the appetite for that monarchical metaphor is indulged in almost every obituary tribute of our abounding eloquence. But is this *Christian* fancy? Is not such ideality as unedifying as it is unlovely? Can aught but kindness flow from God? *God's will* is death's embodiment, and the smile of God falls upon him, covering him with beauty; and thus is he signalized an angel. He stands at the confines of life and ~~eternity~~^{eternity}, guardian of the majestic courts through which the spirit glides to ~~his~~^{his} doom; but beyond them, in the ulterior world, no night falls, save from the frown of God. At the threshold and at the portal of the eternal account, death stands, the benignant minister of God's design—benignant to the good—more sad for the erring than stern toward their sin. Is not this mitigated ideal of death most auspicious in kindness and serenity, and best blending with that love and that mercy which make the crown of Heaven's majesty, and which were the seals of the Saviour's commission written in his life? Whatever be the obliquities of men or their errant views, hours and scenes there are which cast their shadows on their hearts and lull them to thought. They are the scenes that the dead claim for all their own—the pictured tablets of human doom—where there is a dominant divinity that will enter the heart at the altar of the vast, the fearful, the elating, Future. In such a seclusion as this, retreating from the world's feverish interests, sweet influences will here, like friends, gather around his soul, caressing his spirit to calm amid blest enchantments of flowers and trees, and soothing and melodious air—memorials of affection, where tasteful art is most expressive sorrow, amid the honors of the good, and in the deep, the holy, quiet of nature's most loved, her rural, temple. In such inspiration, taking captives to virtue, how many may win Heaven for their home—how many may by these influences be moulded like those whom a happily modulated *Mguntford* figures rejoicing in the beams of their declining sun, the ~~dawning~~^{dawning} radiance of another world, whose thoughts bear them sweet company and shed melody to their gliding into the colonnades of death, no longer the caves of horror, but the outer courts to unfading Heaven.—With chords of our nature so attuned, death comes in age as the evening star, dropping its dewy ray into the flowery breath of a summer's eve, to light the way to rest. Then, in the language of a defamed writer, (*Bulwer*), most disparaged probably where least read, “When memo-

A welcoming

ries more alive than heretofore are mellowed in the halo of time; and Faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness—till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without, and on the verge of life the angels are nearer to us than of yore. There is an old age that has more youth of heart than youth itself.”

These are the angels whose whispers are in the happy influences of such scenes—there is youth,—in the supervening freshness of the spirit, passing, immortal and unincumbered of earth, and unbroken by time, to its dwelling, eternal, pure, and joyous. In such foundations do we lay our aims—such are the dignified sanctions of the cemetery—such the solemnity of this hour’s offices. Well may the invocations breathed to this evening air ascend to the throne of the Supreme, to return in blessings upon the soil we dedicate for thoughts and memories here to spring and bloom!

It is a beauty of this age, that the dead are thus remembered, that the living may yet live with them. Let all commend the noble graces of such an appropriation as that we now honor. But she who tempers the harsh fates and galling tasks of life to the worn and harassed spirit—the ministry and minstrelsy of the home altars—*Woman*—the social sovereign, plastic as imperial—she, chiefest among all that is dominant, may uphold the ideal, and achieve the gracious ends, we advocate. In all that is mitigating and genial and happy, she is supreme in efficiency, a veiled but illustrious dictator—monarch even in the heart of a republic, because ruling over the hearts of republics—exchanging *privileges* for *power*—yes, *crude and querulous privileges* of men for *power sceptered by love*, and *masculine franchises* for *influences that sway men and empires*.

Let the mothers and wives, the daughters and the sisters—with whom is the choir of all the charities to make our hearts melodious oratories—be the pilgrims to the cemetery. Let these claim there to build the shrines of their saddened affection, and there to give to memory her gardens and her glories.

Let all—even they on whom rest the arduous toils of life, and whom cares are wont to subdue to languor—let all in this fond culture remember the dead, and so remember themselves in their own doom—thus to win death into tender companionship, no longer a scourge, nor scowling anatomy, but an angel of hope’s kindred, and in ~~hope’s~~ sweet alliance—not vengeful when, even, as in aid to justice, he bears the keys of a disciplinary future—

“The tree

Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made,
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes
And things that grew to perish.”

“And for a good man, what is death? It is a door in our Father’s house, out of one chamber into another. In the light of Heaven death looks divine, and is one of the angels of God.”—*Mountford’s Euthanasy*.

May the paths of this place be peace, and its dews enriching sanctity!

The services were closed by an impressive appeal to the throne of grace, by the Rev. Stewart Robinson.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, which is mostly illegible due to fading.

First main paragraph of handwritten text, appearing as several lines of cursive script.

Second main paragraph of handwritten text, continuing the narrative or list.

Third main paragraph of handwritten text, showing further details.

Fourth main paragraph of handwritten text, located near the bottom of the page.